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## BIRD-LIFE OF THE BORDERS.

THOSE who have wandered over the hills and moors of the Borders must have observed, time and again, the numerous wild-birds that feed among the heather or wheel with noisy outcry in the clear mountain-air. And the angler penetrating one of the many valleys or ravines, and following some hill-burn up to its far recesses among the moors, will not have failed to note that at all times he has certain lively little birds within sight, and often almost within reach of the point of his rod, such as the Dipper and the Sandpiper. Or as he suddenly turns a bend of the stream, where the steep banks or overhanging rock has hitherto kept him out of sight, he may see a heron rise with a shrill scream from the pool ahead, and sail away up the glen in slow, measured flight. To all who have had, or may have, any opportunity of coming in contact with the feathered tribes of the Scottish or English Border, but especially of the latter, the book by Mr Abel Chapman on the *Bird-Life of the Borders* (London: Gurney and Jackson) will prove a delightful companion. It is the fruit of much and careful observation, and of long experience; and its graphic sketches will bring back a mental picture to many who have looked on such scenes as are here described.

'The area,' says Mr Chapman, 'covered by these observations I would define as the mountain-region which remains unaltered by the hand of man—the land "in God's own holding"—bounded by the line where the shepherd's crook supplants the plough; where heather and bracken, whinstone and blackfaced sheep, replace corn, cattle, and cultivation; where the Pheasant gives way to the Grouse, and the Ring-Ousel dispossesses the Blackbird; the region of peat, as distinguished from soil—of flow-moss and crag, of tumbling burn and lonely moorland, clad in all the pristine beauty of creation.'

Mr Chapman follows the year in its course, month by month, detailing the peculiarities as well as the commonplaces of bird-life from winter

to spring, and so on into summer and autumn. The opening months of the year on the moors are uninteresting and uneventful, and it is not till towards the end of February that the feathered colonies wake up into activity where they have spent the winter at home, or begin to be joined by those others of their kind that have wintered abroad. On the moors of Northumberland the Peewit or Lapwing arrives to breed in February, or even in the end of January. The Golden Plover, the Skylark, the Curlew, and the Pied Wagtail also in February. Then at various times throughout March we have the Titlark, the Stockdove, the Gray Wagtail, the Wheatear, the Ring-Ousel, the Red Shank, and the Blackheaded Gull. After these in April come the Dunlin, the Swallows, the Cuckoo, the Sandpiper, and the Willow-wrens; and lastly, in May, the Landrail and the Nightjar.

Among the earliest birds to commence nesting are the Owls. The Long-eared Owls do not trouble to undertake the construction of a nest for themselves, but rely upon forestalling some more industrious architect. One peculiarity of the Owls, after the breeding season is over, is here noted. As soon as the young were fledged, the whole of the Owls, to the number of perhaps three or four broods, came together, and chose a thick, black Scots fir for their abode. 'To this particular tree the whole of the Owl-life of these woods resorted regularly at dawn, and in it slept away the hours of daylight, hidden amidst its deep, evergreen recesses. At the particular tree of their choice—it varied in different years—the Owls could invariably be interviewed, during the summer and autumn, though, to a casual eye, it was difficult amidst the deep shadows of the foliage to distinguish the slim brown forms pressed closely against the brown branches of the pine. Towards dusk their awakening was notified by the querulous cat-like cry; ten minutes later, their silent forms appeared outside the wood; and, after a few rounds of preliminary gyrations, it was dark enough to begin operations in earnest. During the nesting season the Old

Owls have another cry—not unlike the petulant barking of a spoiled lapdog.’

Of the angler's friend and companion, the lively Little Dipper, we are told that it also begins to nest in March. The favourite resort of these birds is in the linn, or small waterfall, where a hill-burn comes tumbling over an exposed ridge of rock. ‘Many of these linn, with their shaggy fringe of gnarled and lichen-clad birch, heather, and bog-myrtle, are among the wildest and most lonely nooks of the wild moorland. There, in an interstice of the moss-grown rock, half overhung by ferns, and all but undistinguishable from its environment, is cunningly inserted the great round nest of green moss, in the very spray of the falling water. The outside of their home is splashed and wet. The old birds have to pass, to and fro, through the fringe of the cascade; but that is just what these little amphibians like, and hardly a linn but has its pair of dusky, white-throated tenants.’ No one who has ever discovered—as has been our hap many a time—a little Dipper's nest so placed, but must feel the truth and the charm of that bit of word-painting.

Those interested in the habits of birds will find all these chapters on the nesting period exceedingly instructive and interesting. The same remarks apply to the lively and picturesque description of the bird-life of the moors during the summer months. With the month of July the summer period begins to close and migration sets in. ‘Already, among the feathered world, there have begun to appear symptoms of autumnal conditions. As early as mid-June, the Starlings and Peewits are seen to be gathering into flocks; but in July the movement rapidly develops, and the signs of the time are plentiful and patent enough to those who are interested in reading them. Strange birds appear in strange situations. In the lowlands, the whistle of Curlew or Plover is heard amidst the unwonted environment of waving corn, or among enclosed fields of turnips or potatoes. From a farm-pond one perhaps springs a Dunlin or half-a-dozen Sandpipers; and at night strange bird-notes come down from the dark skies overhead. A “blackbird with a white breast” is perhaps reported by the gardener as among the currant bushes. It is, of course, a Ring-Ousel; and the small bird the cat has caught proves to be a young Wheatear. Poor fellow! he was just starting so blithely on his first (and last) voyage of discovery to the Mediterranean. . . . The bird-world is on the move. The nesting season is over; the cares of the spring and summer are past; and the universal southward movement towards winter has commenced. It is conspicuous enough in July, but attains a far greater development in August, and approaches its climax when the Swallows are seen congregating on the trees in September.’

Speaking of certain habits which he has observed in the Rook, Mr Chapman goes on to relate a painful story of the ghastly effect upon birds of overhead telegraph wires, and how the Rook with his natural cunning has taken note of it—not alone to guard himself against the danger of those wires, but to benefit by their effect upon other birds. Rooks, it seems, are extremely fond of a feast upon Grouse when procurable, and ‘daily search the sides of the old

coach-road which crosses the Border moors on its way from Newcastle to Edinburgh, and along which a telegraph line is stretched. This line at present consists of nineteen wires—a perfect trap for birds, and the damage it causes to bird-life is incredible. I have heard it estimated by farmers and shepherds (and believe they are not far wrong) that more Grouse meet their deaths annually from these mischievous wires than are killed by all the shooters on the moors around. The nineteen wires cover so much space, and being stretched at exactly the usual height of the flight of game-birds (and especially of their morning flight, when in the indistinct light the wires are wholly invisible), that they cannot fail in their destructive work, and occasionally a pack is cut down by wholesale. It should be remembered, too, that this destruction is going on at all seasons of the year. It is no exaggeration to say that the roadsides is at certain seasons strewn with remains. Besides Grouse, I have picked up Blackgame, Partridge, Curlew, Golden Plover, Snipe, Peewits, and other birds. Every morning at break of day come out the marauding band of Rooks from the lowland woods, reconnoitring along the roadsides, and feasting on the dead and dying. I meet them regularly at dawn as I walk across the moors to catch the early morning train.’

In order to give some idea of the mischievous nature of these wires, and of the cruelty and ceaseless suffering they occasion to the moor-birds, Mr Chapman gives the following extracts from his shooting diary: ‘Oct. 6. Found to-day four Grouse which had been severely damaged by flying against the telegraph wires on Elsdon Hillhead. Two were already dead, and pulled to bits by the Crows. The third had evidently received his wound late the night before, and the blow had completely carried away his crop, which at that time would be full of heather. The poor bird had been hungry this morning, and, regardless or oblivious of having no crop, had been feeding—his throat down to the huge gash being crammed with heather shoots. I never saw anything more pitiable in my life. This bird could still fly, but very weakly, and could not possibly long have survived. The fourth Grouse had been injured some time before. He also had received a horrible gash across the breast, but it appeared to be slowly healing. His breast was bare of feathers, and the old skin was hard and yellow, a mass of clotted blood remaining in the cut. The bird flew nearly half a mile when put up by the keeper (driving), but was very weak and unwilling to rise.’ ‘Oct. 17. Every day this week, when shooting near the telegraph lines, we have found Grouse either killed or severely injured by the wires; and to-day I shot a Grouse in a horribly mangled state at Laing's Hill, several miles away from the line.’

The above, adds the author, ‘are sufficient illustrations of what I have stated, though it would be easy to adduce hundreds of similar instances. Surely, in these days of ultra-humanitarianism, of R.S.P.C.A. associations, and of “Wild-Bird Protection Acts”—when a maudlin sentimentality comforts itself by fining a poor man for shooting a wild-geese in March, or for overworking his horse, on which perhaps depends

his daily bread—surely in these days, the wanton cruelty and useless waste above described (carried on for a national profit) should not be permitted. But then these cruelties are *not seen*; they only occur on the remote hills, where no one witnesses them save shepherds.

We have no doubt this appeal to the good feeling of the nation will find a response in many hearts. It has frequently been urged that overhead wires might well be dispensed with in favour of an underground system, and the only reason, we suppose, why successive Governments have never given effect to what has been urged in this connection is to be found in the natural apathy of the official mind. A few intelligent appeals such as the above, backed up by illustrations of the destructiveness to bird-life of those overhead wires all over the country, should in course of time lead to something being done. If Mr Chapman has helped to bring about so desirable a result, he will have given still another reason to ornithologists to thank him for his interesting and attractive book.

## MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,

Author of the *Wreck of the Grosvenor*, etc.

### CHAPTER IX.—A SECRET BLOW.

At sea, a very little thing goes a very long way, and you will suppose that this incident of the monkeys gave us plenty to talk about and to wonder at. At the dinner-table that evening old Keeling favoured us with a long yarn about a French craft that capsized somewhere off the Scilly Islands with four men in her: how the air in her hold kept her buoyant; how the fellows climbed into the run and sat there with their heads against the ship's bottom; how one of them strove with might and main to knock a plank out, that he might see if help was about, in nowise suspecting that if he let the air escape the hull would sink; how, all unknown to the wretched imprisoned men, a smack fell in with the capsized craft and tried to tow her, but gave up after the line had parted two or three times; how she finally stranded upon one of the Scilly Isles; and how one of the inhabitants coming down to view the wreck, shot away as though the evil one were in chase of him, on hearing the sound of voices inside.

Mr Johnson whispered to me: 'I *don't* believe it;' and Colonel Bannister listened with a fine incredulous stare fixed upon the skipper's crimson countenance; but the rest of us were vastly interested, especially the elder ladies, who behind old Keeling's back spoke of him as 'a love.'

We settled it amongst us to purchase the monkeys from the boat's crew which had rescued them, leaving the ape for the seamen to make a pet of. The matter was talked over at that dinner, and I overheard Miss Temple ask Mr Colledge to try to secure the little monkey with the red waistcoat for her. She was the only one of the ladies who wanted a monkey.

'Would you like one, Miss Hudson?' said I.

She shuddered in the prettiest way.

'Oh, I hate monkeys,' she cried; 'they are so like men, you know!'

'Then, by every law of logic,' bawled the Colonel with a loud laugh, 'you must hate men more, madam. Don't you see?—ha! ha! Why do you hate monkeys? Because they are like men. How much, then, must you hate men, the original of the monkey!'

He roared with laughter again. In fact, there never was a man who more keenly relished his own sallies of wit than Colonel Bannister.

Miss Hudson coloured, and fanned herself.

'I hate monkeys too,' cried Mr Greenhew, 'and for the reason that makes Miss Hudson averse to them;' and here he looked very hard at the Colonel.

'Well, certainly a fellow-feeling don't *always* make us kind,' murmured Mr Riley in an audible voice, and putting a glass into his eye to look around him as he laughed.

Here the steward said something in a low voice to Mr Prance, who looked at me, and said in a hollow tragic tone: 'Five of the monkeys have gone dead, sir.'

I called the news down the table to the captain.

'I'm sorry to hear it, Mr Dugdale,' he answered in a dry voice; 'but you don't want me to open a subscription list for the widows, do ye?'

'Can any one say if the little chap with the red waistcoat's dead?' cried Mr Colledge.

'Dead hand gone, sir,' exclaimed the Cockney head steward.

'What is left of the lot?' inquired Keeling.

'The hape, sir; and the two little chaps that was rescued with their tails half ate up, as is supposed by themselves,' responded the steward.

Mr Johnson burst out a-laughing.

'Tails eaten up!' cried Mrs Bannister, poisoning a pair of gold glasses upon her Roman nose as she addressed the captain. 'Are there any sharks here?'

'I should say not, madam,' answered the skipper. 'It is a trick monkeys fall into of biting their own tails, as human beings gnaw their finger-nails.'

'And when they have consumed their tails, Captain Keeling,' said Mrs Hudson, in a rather vulgar voice, 'do they go on with the rest of themselves?'

'I believe they are only hindered, madam,' said Keeling with a grave face, 'by discovering themselves after a given limit somewhat inaccessible.'

'I dislike monkeys,' said Mrs Jolliffe to Mr Saunders; 'but I should imagine that natural philosophers would find their habits and tastes very interesting subjects for study.'

The little chap moved uneasily in his chair, with a half-glance up and down, to see if anybody smiled.

'The monkey eating his tail,' exclaimed Mr Emmett, 'is to my mind a very beautiful symbol.'

'Of what?' inquired Mr Hodder.

'Of a dissipated young man devouring the fortune left him,' answered Mr Emmett.

'Very true; very good, indeed!' cried Mr Adams the lawyer, with a laugh.

The death of the monkeys extinguished the scheme of purchasing them. The one-eyed ape was not to be thought of; and now it was known that the tails of the other survivors were merely stumps, the subject was very unanimously

dropped, and the three poor beasts left for the sailors to do what they pleased with.

As an incident, the matter might have served for the day, so dull is life on shipboard with nothing to look forward to but meal-time. But something else was to happen that evening.

Two bells—nine o'clock—had been struck. Most of the passengers were below, for there was a deal of dew in the air, too much of it for the thin dresses of the ladies, who, through the skylight, were to be seen reading and chatting in the cuddy, with a party of whist-players at the table, Mr Emmett's and Mr Hodder's noses close together over a cribbage board, and Colledge at chess with Miss Temple, Miss Hudson opposite, leaning her shining head on her arm bare to the elbow, a faultless limb indeed, watching them. The breeze had freshened at sundown. There was a half-moon in the heavens, with a tropic brightness of disc, and the ocean under her light spread away to its limits in a surface firm and dark as polished indigo, saving that under the planet there was a long trembling wake, and an icy sparkle in the eastern waters, over which some large, most beautiful star was hanging; but though there was breeze enough to put a merry rippling into the sea, the feathering of each little surge was too delicate to catch the eye, unless the white water broke close; and the deep brimmed to the distant luminaries, a mighty shadow.

The skipper was below; Mr Cocker had charge of the deck, and I joined him in his walk. He talked of the monkeys, how the poor wretches had died one after another in the fore-castle.

'I saw one of them die,' said he; 'upon my life, Mr Dugdale, it was like seeing a human being expire. I don't wonder women dislike that kind of beasts. For my part, I regard monkeys as poor relations.'

'What were the men laughing at, shortly after we had come up from dinner?' I asked.

'Why, sir, at little John Chinaman. The ape was on the forehatch, secured by a piece of line round his waist. Johnny went to have a look at him. There was nobody about—at least he thought so. He stared hard at the ape, who viewed him eagerly with his one eye, and then said: "I say, where you from, hey?" The ape continued to look. "Oh, you can speakee," continued John; "me savee you can for speakee. Why you no talkee, hey? Me ask where you from? Where you from?" The ape caught a flea. "How you capsize, hey?" asked the Chinese lunatic as gravely, Mr Dugdale, so the men say, as if he were addressing you or me. "Speakee soft—how you capsize, hey?" This went on, I am told, for ten minutes, the men meanwhile coming on tiptoe to listen over the fore-castle edge till they could stand it no longer, and their roar of laughter was what you heard, sir.'

'A mere bit of sham posture-making in Johnny, don't you think?' said I. 'He might guess the men were listening. Had he been a negro, now—but a Chinaman would very well know that a monkey can't talk.'

'This John is one who doesn't know, I'll swear. Besides, sir, the Chinese are not such geniuses as are imagined. There are thousands

amongst them to correspond with our ignorant superstitious peasantry at home. I remember at Chusan that four Chinamen were engaged to carry a piano out of the cabin. Whilst they were wrestling with it on the quarter-deck, a string broke with a loud *twang*, on which they put the instrument down and ran away, viewing it from a distance with faces working with alarm and astonishment. The mate called to know what they meant by dropping their work. "Him spirit! him speakee," they cried; in fact, they would have no more to do with the piano; and when some of the crew picked it up to carry it to the gangway, the quivering Johns went backing and recoiling on to the fore-castle, as though the instrument were a cage with a wild beast in it that might at any moment spring out on them.'

Whilst he was speaking I had been watching a star slowly creeping away from the edge of the mainsail to leeward, as though it were sweeping through the sky on its own account on a course parallel with the line of the horizon. My attention was fixed on what my companion said, and my gaze rested mechanically upon the star. Suddenly the truth flashed upon me, and I started.

'Why, Mr Cocker, what's happening to the ship? Are we going home again? She is coming to rapidly! You will be having all your stunsails there to larboard aback in a minute.'

He had been too much engrossed by our chat to notice this.

'Wheel there!' he shouted, running aft as he cried. 'What are you doing with the ship? Port your hellum, man, port your hellum!'

I hastily followed, to see what was the matter. The wheel was deserted, and as I approached, I saw the circle revolve against the stars over the taffrail like a windmill in a gale. Alongside, prone on the deck, his arms outstretched and his face down, was the figure of the helmsman.

'He is in a fit,' cried the second mate, grasping the wheel and revolving it, to bring the ship to her course again.

Here Captain Keeling came hastily up the companion steps.

'Where's the officer of the watch?' he shouted.

'Here, sir,' answered Cocker from the wheel.

'Do you know, sir,' cried the skipper, 'that you are four points off your course?'

'The helmsman has fallen down in a fit, or else lies dead here, sir,' responded the second mate.

The skipper saw how it was, and bawled for some hands to come aft. Such of the passengers as were on deck gathered about the wheel in a group.

'What is that?' exclaimed little Mr Saunders, stooping close to the prostrate seaman's head.

'Blood, gentlemen,' he exclaimed. 'See the great stain of it here! This man has been struck down by some hand.'

'What's that? what's that?' cried old Keeling, bending his crowbar of a figure to the stain. 'Ay, he has been struck down as you say, Mr Saunders. Who has done this thing? Look about you, men; see if there's anybody concealed here.'

Three or four fellows had come tumbling aft.



One took the wheel from the second mate; and the others, along with the midshipmen of the watch, fell to peering under the gratings and into the gig that hung astern flush with the taffrail, and up aloft; but there was nothing living to be found, and the great fabric of mizzen masts and sails whitened to the truck by the moon, and the yard-arms showing in black lines against the stars, soared without blotch or stir, saving here and there a thin shadow upon the pallid cloths creeping to the movement of the spars.

Dr Hemmeridge now arrived. The seaman, who appeared as dead as a stone, was turned over, and propped by a couple of sailors, and the doctor took a view of him by the help of the binnacle lamp. There was a desperate gash on the left side of the head. The small straw hat that the poor fellow was wearing was cut through, as though to the clip of a chopper. There was a deal of blood on the deck, and the man's face was ghastly enough, with its beard encrimsoned and dripping, to turn the heart sick.

'Is he dead, think you?' demanded the captain.

'I cannot yet tell,' answered the doctor. 'Raise him, men, and carry him forward at once to his bunk.'

The sailors, followed by the doctor, went staggering shadowily under their burden along the poop and disappeared, leaving a little crowd of us at the wheel dumb with wonder, and looking about us with eyes which gleamed to the flame of the binnacle lamp that Mr Cocker yet held.

'Now, *how* has this happened?' demanded old Keeling, after a prolonged squint aloft. 'Had you left the deck, Mr Cocker?'

'No, sir, not for a living instant; Mr Dugdale will bear witness to that.'

'It is true,' I said.

'Did no man from forward come along the poop?'

'No man, sir; I'll swear it,' answered Mr Cocker.

'Any of you young gentlemen been aloft?'

said Keeling, addressing the midshipmen. 'No, sir,' answered one of them, 'neither aloft nor yet abaft the mizzen rigging for the last half-hour.'

The old chap took the lamp out of Mr Cocker's hand and looked under the gratings, then got upon them and stared into the gig, as though dissatisfied with the earlier inspection of these hiding-places.

'Most extraordinary!' he exclaimed; 'did some madman do it, and then jump overboard?'

He looked over the sides to port and starboard. The quarter galleries were small, with bumpkins for the main-braces stretching out from them: they were untenanted.

'What was the man's name, Mr Cocker?'

'Simpson, sir.'

'Was he unpopular forward, do you know? Had he quarrelled lately with any man?'

'I will inquire, sir.'

Old Keeling seemed as bewildered as a person newly awakened from a dream; and, indeed, it was an extraordinary and an incredible thing. Mr Saunders and Mynheer Hemskirk, with one or two others who were on the deck at the time,

swore that no man had come aft from the direction of the fore-castle. They were conversing in a group a little forward of the mizzen mast, and could take their oaths that there was no living creature abaft that point at the time of the occurrence saving the man who had been so mysteriously felled to the deck.

'He most hov done it himself,' said Hemskirk.

'What! Dealt himself a blow that sheared through his hat into his skull?' cried old Keeling.

'I've been making inquiries, sir,' said the second mate approaching us, 'and find that Simpson, instead of being disliked, was a general favourite. No man has been aft, sir.'

'Something must have fallen from the rigging,' said Mr Saunders.

'Sir,' cried the captain in a voice of mingled wrath and astonishment, 'when anything falls from aloft, it drops plumb, sir—up and down, sir. The law of gravitation, Mr Saunders, is the same at sea as it is on shore. What could fall from those heights up there—and here he turned up his head like a hen in the act of drinking—to strike a man standing at the wheel all that distance away?'

The news had got wind below, and the passengers came up in twos and threes from the cuddy, asking questions as they arrived, the loudest and most importunate amongst them, needless to say, being Colonel Bannister. There was real consternation amongst the ladies at the sight of the blood-stain. I shall not easily forget the picture of that poopful of people: the staring of the women at the dark blotch against the wheel, whilst they held themselves in a sort of posture of recoil, holding their dresses back, as if something were crawling at them; the subdued wondering air of the men, restlessly looking about them, one going to the rail to gaze over, the dusky form of another stooping to peer under the gratings, a third with his head lying back straining his sight at the airy empearled spire of the cloths rising from the cross-jack to the royal yard, the mizzen-top showing clear and firm as a drawing in India ink against the delicate shimmering concavity of the topsail. The half-moon rode in brilliance over the main top-gallant yard-arm, and the dark swell rolled in soundless heavings to the quarter, with the wake of the planet lying in the shape of a silver fan to half-way across the ocean, and not a cloud in the whole wide velvet black depths to obscure so much as a thumb-nail of star-dust.

'What has happened, Dugdale?' exclaimed Colledge, accosting me at once as he rose through the companion with Miss Temple at his side.

'A man that was at the helm has been struck down,' said I.

'By whom?' said he.

'Why, that's it,' I answered; 'nobody knows, and I don't think anybody ever will know.'

'Is he dead?' asked Miss Temple.

'I cannot say,' I responded; 'his hat was cut through and his head laid open. There is a dreadful illustration of what has happened close against the wheel.'

'In what form?' she asked.

'Blood,' said I.

'Why, it's *murder*, then!' cried Colledge.

'It looks like it,' said I, with a glance at Miss

Temple's face, that showed white as alabaster to the moonlight, whilst in each glowing dark eye sparkled a little star of silver far more brilliant than the ice-like flash of the diamonds which trembled in her ears. 'But be the assassin what he may, I'll swear by every saint in the calendar that he's not aboard this ship.'

'Pray, explain, Mr Dugdale,' exclaimed Miss Temple in a voice of curiosity at once haughty and peevish.

I made no answer.

'My dear fellow, what do you want to imply?' said Colledge: 'that the man was struck down—by somebody out of doors?' and his eyes went wandering over the sea.

'It seems my mission, Miss Temple,' said I with a half-laugh, 'to furnish you with information on what happens aboard the *Countess Ida*. Once again let me enjoy the privilege you do me the honour to confer upon me; and with that, in an offhand manner, I told her the story as you have it.

'Did anybody, think you, crawl out of the hind windows,' exclaimed Colledge, 'and creep up over the stern and strike the man down?'

'No,' said I.

'How did it happen, then?' asked Miss Temple fretfully.

'Why,' I answered, looking at her, 'the blow was no doubt dealt by a spirit.'

'Lor' bless us, how terrifying!' exclaimed Mrs Hudson, who, unknown to me, had drawn to my elbow to listen. 'What with the heat and the sight of that blood!'—she cried, fanning herself violently.—'A spirit, did you say, sir? Oh, I shall never be able to sleep in the ship again after this.'

I edged away, finding little pleasure in the prospect of a chat with Mrs Hudson with Miss Temple close at hand to listen to us. At that moment Dr Hemmeridge made his appearance. He stalked up to the captain, who stood with his hand gripping the vang of the spanker gaff, returning short almost gruff answers to the questions fired at him.

'The man's alive, sir,' said the doctor; 'but he's badly hurt. I've soldered his wound; but it is an ugly cut.'

'Is he conscious?' demanded Keeling.

'He is.'

'And what does he say?'

'He has nothing to say, sir. How should he remember, Captain Keeling? He fell to the blow as an ox would.'

'Ha!' cried the skipper; 'but does he recollect seeing anybody lurking near him—has he any suspicion?'

'Sir,' answered the doctor, 'at the present moment his mind has but half an eye open.'

I made one of the crowd that had assembled to hear the doctor's report, and stood near the binnacle stand—close enough to it, in fact, to be able to lay my hand upon the hood. My eye was travelling from the ugly patch that had an appearance as of still sifting out upon the white plank within half a yard of me, when I caught sight of a black lump of something just showing in the curve of the base of the binnacle stand betwixt the starboard legs of it. It was gone in a moment with the slipping off it of the streak of moonshine that had disclosed it to

me. Almost mechanically, whilst I continued to listen to the doctor, I put my toe to the thing; then still in a mechanical way, picked it up. It was a large stone, something of the shape of a comb, with a twist in the middle of it, and of a smooth surface on top, but rugged and broken underneath, with a length of about five inches jagged into an edge as keen as a flint splinter. It was extraordinarily heavy, and might in that quality have been a lump of gold.

'Hillo!' I cried, 'what have we here?' and I held it to the glass of the binnacle to view it by the lamplight.

'What is that you are looking at, Mr Dugdale?' called out old Keeling.

'Why,' said I, 'neither more nor less to my mind than the weapon with which your sailor has been laid low, captain.'

There was a rush to look at it. Keeling held it up to the moonlight, then poised it in his hand.

'Who could have been the ruffian that hove it?' he cried.

'Allow me to see it,' exclaimed little Mr Saunders, and he worked his way, low down amongst us, to the captain. He weighed the stone, smelt it, carefully inspected it, then looked up to the captain with a grin that wrinkled his large, long, eager, wise old face from his brow to his chin. 'A suspicion,' he exclaimed, 'that has been slowly growing in my mind is now confirmed. No mortal hand hove this missile, captain. It comes from the angels, sir.'

He paused.

'Lawk-a-daisy, what is the man going to say next?' cried out Mrs Hudson hysterically.

'Captain Keeling, ladies and gentlemen,' continued little Saunders, nursing the stone as tenderly while he spoke as if it had been a new-born babe, 'this has fallen from those infinite spangled heights up there. It is, in short, a meteorolite, and, so far as I can now judge, a very beautiful specimen of one.'

#### GERMAN COLONIES IN THE HOLY LAND.

IN Württemberg, in the year 1836, many pious persons looked confidently for the second coming of the Messiah. Some thirteen years later, a Dr Christopher Hoffmann became convinced that it would be a good thing and a wise to gather the faithful people together in Jerusalem, there to await His coming. In the course of a few years he found himself at the head of a small community of zealous persons eager to settle as colonists in Palestine. But it was not until 1858 that the first pioneer band, consisting of three gentlemen, was sent out to examine the land, and report on its capabilities for colonisation by Europeans. They came home in the following summer; but their report was not encouraging. What their objections and difficulties were we shall see subsequently. Meanwhile, the small community of the friends of Jerusalem, having been excluded from the national Evangelical Church of Württemberg, formed themselves in 1861 into an independent religious society, calling themselves the 'German Temple.' But the Templars encountered a good

deal of opposition and discouragement at home, chiefly from the clergy of the orthodox church. Hence the movement grew with extreme slowness, so that in half-a-dozen years it did not number more than two thousand members all told, including small parties of adherents in the United States and in the south of Russia. At no time has it exceeded five thousand members.

At length in 1869 the first serious attempt was made by the Templars to establish themselves in Palestine. In September of that year Dr Hoffmann and Mr G. A. Hardegg, the leaders of the movement, in spite of the refusal of the Ottoman government in Constantinople to grant them a concession of land unless they would enrol themselves as Turkish subjects, managed to purchase land at Haifa, a small town situated at the northern foot of Mount Carmel. At the same time a second nucleus was formed at Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, farther south. Ere the year ran out, more than one hundred immigrants had arrived, the bulk of them going to Haifa and Jaffa, though a few wended their way to Beyrout and Jerusalem. During the next three years the number of the Templars in Palestine grew apace. A second estate was purchased near Jaffa, and there in 1872 was founded the exclusively agricultural colony of Saronia. In the following year a fourth colony was established close to the holy city of Jerusalem; and in 1876 a Templar community was formally constituted near Beyrout.

But these German Templars were not the first people to attempt the colonisation of Palestine and the introduction into that neglected land of the civilisation of the West. Already in 1848 an American lady, Mrs Minor, at the head of certain of her countrymen and a few German families from the valley of the Rhine, had settled in Palestine for the express purpose of putting before the Jews an example of industry and thrift, and thereby doing something to awaken them to the consciousness of the advantages that follow in the steps of Western culture. But the undertaking came to an untimely end in 1857 with the death of the leader.

Again in 1866 a more pretentious effort was made to plant another colony in the Holy Land, this time at Jaffa. The prime mover at this time was an American gentleman named Adams, the founder of a religious sect called the Church of the Messiah, who in the year mentioned brought over to Palestine a company of one hundred and seventy people. But this enterprise was not more successful than its forerunner. In spite of everything having been done beforehand to ensure success, the scheme did not prosper. The colonists began to lose heart; their expectations were not realised; no help came to them from America, and none from Europe; and in the end the greater part of the colonists were carried home at the expense of the Government.

To return to the German Templars. Up to 1878 there was no falling-off in the influx of immigrants to the colonies of the society. At first the chief difficulties they had to contend against arose out of their position as foreigners on Turkish soil. The Ottoman Government refused to legalise their titles of ownership to their land; and so long as the matter was not definitively settled, they were exposed to the exactions of the

nominal native owners, and to the arbitrary demands of the native tax-collectors. But they struggled bravely on, and eventually these difficulties were successfully overcome; although the Turkish authorities still continue to look upon the Templar communities, foreigners as they are both to their government and their creed, with considerable suspicion and mistrust. Their other difficulties were incidental to the land and its geographical situation. The soil of Palestine has been neglected for so long a period of time that it has lost much of the extraordinary fertility for which it was once famous. It has ceased to be 'a land flowing with milk and honey,' and this chiefly through the supineness and ignorance of its inhabitants. Then, again, the Templars had to fight against the disagreeable consequences that necessarily attended a change of climate such as that implied in emigrating from Wurtemberg to Palestine. Malarial fevers are common, almost persistent, in most of the Templar colonies, though they do not seem ever to have been of a malignant type, except at Saronia. But even at Saronia a great improvement has been effected in this regard as the years have rolled by. Whereas in the first year there died 833 persons in every hundred, the death-rate for the years 1876-80 was only 132, and for the years 1881-85, 147.

The immigrants are for the most part farmers and handicraftsmen, with a sprinkling of professional men. As a whole, they are not rich, though each family is possessed of some means. They are, generally speaking, simple, honest, industrious folk, straightforward in faith and in conduct. In accordance with the more practical side of their aims, they strive to realise as far as may be the ideal Christian life as laid down in the New Testament. By this means they set a useful example to the Arabs and Jews who dwell around them; and in this way they hope to sow in Palestine the good seeds of European enlightenment and civilisation. These good-hearted Wurtembergers are fully alive to the importance of sound education; they maintain good schools, and bestow much attention upon them. Every colony possesses at least one school, modelled on the pattern of the communal schools at home. At Jerusalem they have a lyceum or grammar-school for boys; and at Haifa there did exist for some time a higher school for girls.

During the first years of their settlement in Palestine the organisation of the Templar society was changed more than once. They experienced some difficulty in making the civil headship harmonise with the religious or spiritual headship; and at the end of the tenth year it was found necessary to separate the two functions. In August 1887 the worldly affairs of the Templar communities were rendered more secure against the interference of the Turkish authorities in a very ingenious manner. Under the auspices of the German consular court at Jerusalem an ordinary commercial company was formed, 'The Central Treasury of the Temple of Aberle and Hoffmann,' which was to be conducted by two presidents and a popular council of twelve members, who should meet at least once a year for the transaction of business. Of this company all the members of the Templar communities were enrolled as sleeping partners. But they did not

adopt, as might perhaps be supposed, any communistic form of property; each person retained his economic independence. The device, though admittedly running counter to the spirit of the Templar society, was resorted to simply for the purpose of safeguarding their position as foreign colonists in a land under the rule of Turkey. By putting themselves under the protection of their own consul, in the character of a commercial or trading company, they became exempt in many respects from the jurisdiction and vexatious interference of the Turkish officials.

Since 1878 the colony at Jerusalem, consisting principally of artisans, has taken the first place amongst the Templar communities in Palestine. It is to these German aliens that the holy city owes the industrial activity which has lately begun to manifest itself within her walls. As already remarked, the colony at Saron is a purely agricultural settlement; that at Jaffa has attracted most of the professional men among the colonists; the people settled at Haifa are for the most part vine-growers, agriculturists, and handicraftsmen, with a few merchants. The total number of colonists is estimated at thirteen hundred, almost exclusively Germans. Most of them came direct from Württemberg; a few, however, found their way to Palestine from South Russia and from the United States.

The land belonging to the colony of Haifa extends along the northern foot of Mount Carmel, overlooking the Bay of Acre; it occupies a narrow plain, nearly one thousand paces wide and two and a half miles long, that has squeezed itself in between the mountain and the sea. The surface of the plain ranges for the most part at about ninety feet above the level of the sea, and the land has been cultivated for nearly one thousand feet up the slopes of Carmel. The native town of Haifa, with a population of about six thousand, stands at the eastern extremity of the plain. About a mile distant from it on the west are the houses of the German settlement, where dwell about three hundred people in all. The principal street of the little village stretches up from the shore towards the Mount. It is bordered on each side by a double row of shade-trees, behind which, each in a well-kept garden, stand the houses, built of white stone, one or two stories high, with slate roofs and a text of Scripture in German over the doorway. The lower slopes of Mount Carmel are planted with olives; the higher have been terraced, and are planted with vines. But although the Württembergers are experienced and capable vine-dressers, as almost every hill-side in their native country abundantly testifies, these colonists at Haifa have not been altogether successful in their attempts at vine-growing, their comparative failure being due to the fact that the vines they first planted were imported from Germany, and were unable to withstand the attacks of mildew.

The German colony was not the first settlement of Europeans in this part of Palestine; for during more than seven hundred years there had existed on Mount Carmel a monastery of Carmelite monks—in fact, their original seat. Nor was the settlement of the Templars unattended with drawbacks and difficulties. They suffered from the opposition of Turkish officials, and not

from these only; for the native population greeted the intrusion of the new-comers with the religious and racial antagonism that exists almost everywhere in the Orient between Mohammedan Arabs and Christian Europeans.

Nevertheless, the Templars of Haifa have finally succeeded—if not in winning the cordial good-will of the native population, at all events in disarming their aggressive opposition, open and covert. For Germans and Arabs now carry on commercial and agricultural operations conjointly, and apparently in perfect amity and concord. But the Templars have not been content with merely setting the Arabs and Jews a better and stimulating example; they have actually conferred upon them positive and tangible advantages. At their own expense they have constructed a high-road to Acre, on the other side of the Bay; and a second one, more useful still, across the Plain of Esdraelon to Nazareth, twenty-two miles distant, and have introduced upon them the use of wheeled vehicles. These roads are now regularly used by the natives, who have adopted from their German neighbours their method of carrying produce—namely, on carts and wagons. They have also, under the influence of the same good example, improved their methods of agriculture, and have begun to build stone houses, in imitation of those of the Germans, and to attend to the sanitary condition of their little town. For whereas, before their arrival, the native town was as dirty and as dilapidated as any native town you please in all Palestine, it is now a model of neatness and cleanliness. And in yet other ways the natives have reaped profit from the advent of the Templars. The value of land has increased threefold. The commerce of the little seaport has received a notable impulse. Large quantities of grain and other raw produce from the Hauran and other districts beyond Jordan are brought down to Haifa for export. There is now perfect safety for person and property; whereas, twenty years ago, it was often a very hazardous thing to venture outside the gates of Haifa without an armed escort, not at night-time, but in broad daylight. And all these estimable results the Templars have brought about simply through the sheer force of example; by the strictest honesty and uprightness in their dealings with one another and with the native population; by industry, simplicity of living, and steady good-will.

The Haifa colony seems to be now well started on the way to prosperity. It has mills for grinding corn into flour; it has a manufactory for making olive-oil soap, and another for making useful and ornamental articles from olive-wood. And of all the Templar colonies in Palestine it is undoubtedly the healthiest. The heat, although high, is neither unpleasant nor yet excessive, except when the sirocco happens to blow. The regular winds are pretty constant, and exert on the whole a cooling influence. During the day, a breeze blows in from the sea; whilst at night a breeze blows in the contrary direction, from the land seawards. Malaria does indeed occur, but not very frequently, and always in a mild and innocuous form. It may be added that General Gordon several times visited this Templar colony; and Mr Laurence Oliphant, the well-known author, lived there nearly a year.



The settlement that has suffered most from sickness and the untoward conditions of the climate has been that of Saroná. This colony stands on the alluvial plain of Sharon, which stretches from Jaffa to Mount Carmel, and is situated about one hour's journey from Jaffa, not far from the sea. It is nearly surrounded by a little stream, which during the hot rainless season of summer—lasting from May to September—dries up completely, with the exception of a few pools of stagnant water left here and there in its bed. At first, the colonists who settled at Saroná were severely visited by malarial fevers and dysentery; a very high proportion of the settlers having perished in the first year. But by dint of dogged endurance, and by strenuous labour to improve the sanitary conditions of the place, they have managed greatly to reduce the risks. The death-rate does not at the present time exceed 1·50 per cent. a year. Here, too, the patience and industry of the Templars have converted what was formerly a barren wilderness into a fruitful and beautiful garden.

The colonies of Jaffa and Jerusalem never suffered to anything like the same extent as Saroná, though neither of them is exempt from recurrent attacks of a mild form of malarial fever. The one, however, is situated immediately on the coast, where it can get the benefit of sea-air and the sea-breezes. The other is situated forty or forty-five miles inland, on the water-parting between the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean, amongst the mountains of Judæa, at an elevation of two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. The colony at Jaffa, as already observed, consists very largely of professional men; that at Jerusalem almost exclusively of artisans and handicraftsmen. Between the two towns the Templars maintain active communication by means of wagons and similar wheeled vehicles; and here again the Arabs and Jews have not been slow to imitate the example that has been put before them.

Thus it would seem that at last something is really being done to dissipate the mists of sloth and ignorance which for so many centuries have hidden the Holy Land from the hand of usefulness, and to give it back that great measure of fertility which it enjoyed in antiquity.

## JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY.'

### CHAPTER IX.

HOLMES had at first no intention of doing anything in regard to the draft which Mr Clayton had handed to him. He saw clearly that Faune had appropriated the money for himself—a weakness he would have been prone to with five thousand pounds in question—forging his (Holmes's) name to satisfy the banker that the debt had been duly paid. It was not likely Mr Clayton would ever speak of it again, and it would soon pass out of his mind. But on his way westward from the City, Holmes began to feel curious as to the disposal of the proceeds. What had become of the money, that Faune should have been found in those wretched lodgings at the docks, moneyless? He might have

been robbed, it was true; or the amount might be lying to his credit in the Anglo-Canadian Bank. And then, if Faune left London on the Sunday, when or how did he pay the cheque into the bank?

The result of these reflections was that Holmes decided to make some inquiries for himself concerning that cheque.

Delaying for some time on the way in the Fleet Street neighbourhood, it was late in the afternoon when Holmes was passing up the Strand. Here he went up to an office on a first floor, and inquiring for a Mr Vizard, found that gentleman, to whom he was evidently known.

'This cheque,' said Holmes, producing the document, 'was cleared through the Anglo-Canadian Bank at Charing Cross. I want you to find out for me by whom the cheque was paid in to that bank, and when, and every other particular about it.—The cheque is genuine,' he added, seeing the detective closely and suspiciously examining it.

'Both signatures on the back, however, were written by the same hand.'

'That is so. Follow the matter up as soon as you can, and let me know the result.'

Mr Vizard glanced at his watch, and promised to do so. Then Holmes went on to his lodgings, where he found the officer Cracroft waiting for him.

'After all, Mr Holmes,' he said, 'the discovery you made this morning leads—so far—to nothing. The paper which it appeared in never entered the house in Grosvenor Square either above or below stairs. It must refer to something else—some other appointment made by Faune.'

Holmes drew a breath of intense relief. This news lifted a load off his mind. Without waiting to hear more—without delaying an instant—he sent a telegram to Mr Clayton requesting him not to speak of the advertisement to his daughter, as it had been found to have no reference to the murder.

Furthermore, Faune's departure from Cadogan Place so early that night could now be accounted for by this engagement.

'If we could find out who it was he met, everything might look very different for Faune,' he remarked with lively interest.

'Perhaps—and perhaps not. We have a darker puzzle than that to deal with, however.'

'What is it?'

'I have discovered the message which brought Margaret Neale to the Park that night.'

'Who sent it?' Holmes demanded with a start. The critical point of the case was touched at last.

'We have to find that out yet. But that I have found the message is beyond all doubt. I can't help feeling a bit excited about it myself,' said the officer with a smile, 'not knowing what new surprise it may lead to. As I have said, the advertisement discovered this morning probably referred to an appointment of another connection'—

'Let me interrupt you a moment, Cracroft. That appointment, whatever it was, would account satisfactorily for an act that has pressed heavily against Faune—I mean his early departure from Mr Clayton's house that night. The appointment was for half-past nine. I shall put this information into Crudie's hands.'

'Very well,' said Cracroft. 'But did Faune make any excuse, when leaving Mr Clayton's, about having an appointment to keep? If so, we have not heard of it. And is it not probable he has already told his solicitor? Crudie, we know, has as yet said nothing about it—which looks suspicious. But tell him all about it, and see what he will say.'

'You still hold to the belief that Faune was the murderer?'

'I have not the smallest doubt about it. Only, there will be some vital points to clear up. He sent the fatal message to Margaret Neale; she found it awaiting her when she returned to the house after the concert that Saturday afternoon. What do you say to that?'

The solemn emphasis with which the officer made his statement—the apparent certainty of his facts—made a deep impression on Holmes.

'It was your own idea, Mr Holmes, of the vehicle of communication used in the case which led me to what I discovered. I felt so convinced, when I left you in Mount Street, that I had then the all-important clue in my hand, that I only went to Grosvenor Square to be satisfied that the *Intelligence* was one of the morning papers taken in—for this would be an important corroborative fact. To my great disappointment, I learned that the paper was never taken in, even among the servants. I confess I was a bit staggered, although the presumption still remained that she might have seen it elsewhere. I was on the point of leaving, when it occurred to me to ask to see the room which Miss Neale had occupied. It had been kept locked since the murder, by Lady Southfort's orders, and the butler carried the key in his pocket. It was evident the orders were strictly obeyed, for I noted the position of certain articles to be exactly as they were left when I was last in the room. I don't know exactly what I was looking for, but I have sometimes found that in examining things in this aimless way, you stumble by chance upon evidence of the greatest value. This happened to me in Somersby's case; you remember how?'

'Yes, yes!—Never mind now, Cracroft.—Well?'

'Well—opening and closing, in an abstracted way—for I was busily thinking what was best to do in the matter of the advertisement—one after another of a chest of drawers, my interest was at once arrested by a loosely-folded newspaper lying in one of the top drawers. From the form of the fold and other marks, it had evidently come through the post-office. You could perceive as much without moving it. But I found along with the paper the wrapper in which it had been posted; a fragment adhered to the paper, and exactly corresponded with the remainder. An old newspaper is generally not an object of suspicion in such a place, and I must have seen it when I was there before; but after what took place this morning, Mr Holmes, I made a point of examining it. Now, note this, in connection with what I shall tell you presently: the wrapper was addressed, in a fine feminine hand, to "Miss Neale, care of Countess Southfort, Grosvenor Square, London"—and bore the W.C. postmark of the 10th of June. Opening out the paper (it was the *Standard* of the 9th of June), a heavy blue-pencil mark against a notice at the top of the

second column at once caught my eye. Here,' said the officer, handing Holmes a slip of paper, 'is a copy of the notice.'

Frank Holmes, literally holding his breath, read the following:

'Margaret V—. I have come back, and cannot find you. If this reaches your eye, and you are in London, I will wait this evening, and Saturday, Sunday, Monday, at the old trysting-place (Fountain) from 9 to 10. If in the country, send answer to me in this column.—J.V.'

'And this advertisement,' said Holmes abstractedly—for there was one expression in it which struck him, and which the officer did not appear to notice—'appeared in the *Standard* of the 9th of June, the day preceding the murder?'

'In the *Standard* of the 9th of June. The newspaper was posted the morning of the 10th of June. Margaret Neale had not come to the place of appointment on the night of the 9th, and therefore had certainly not seen the advertisement. The paper was consequently posted to her on Saturday morning, and in all probability she found it on the hall table on her return from the concert at Grosvenor House. Does not this seem clear enough? She picked it off the table as she came in, and took it with her up to her room. The rest is obvious enough; the poor girl would be careful to keep her business a secret from the household.'

'But if Faune—assuming him the author of the message—knew her address, why did he not send his message to her direct at once?'

'Of course, to avoid detection.'

'Margaret Neale, again, might have been struck by the fact of the paper being sent to her.'

'Yes—if the poor thing had aught to suspect, or to fear. The probabilities are a thousand to one that when she opened the paper and read the husband's message, she became oblivious to all else—so absorbed in the thought of meeting him again that she forgot all about the odd way the message came to her. Under such circumstances, Holmes, the excited and innocent wife would have no memory for anything, no consciousness of anything but seeing her husband once more.'

'I believe that is all true, Cracroft,' said Holmes with a sigh. 'Poor girl!—He was thinking of the exquisite sweetness of her singing that fatal day in Grosvenor House, and the surprise of her modest eyes and gentle face at the applause. How pathetic and pitiful the recollection was now!'

'And now comes the perplexing part of the affair,' continued the officer, with a look of vexation. 'I lost no time in obtaining the original copy of the advertisement. What do you think? It was handed in by a lady (about whom the clerk who took it remembers nothing except that she was well dressed like any other lady!), and is in the same feminine hand as the address on the wrapper. Of course the name and address with which the copy purported to be authenticated turn out to have been fictitious—there is no doubt on that head.'

'Which leaves only two theories,' observed Holmes: 'either the murder was the act of some other person, or the lady was Faune's agent. I think you have a case to work up still, Cracroft.'

'I'm afraid so. The question is—who was the agent?'

'It might be as well to keep your mind open both ways,' said Holmes. 'Keep your information out of the newspapers; there are a thousand well-dressed women who would act as agents in a business so seemingly harmless, for a trifling remuneration. But it is just possible, Cracroft, that you are prejudiced by the strong presumption against the prisoner, and by continuing so you are shutting out the light on one side of you.'

Cracroft soon afterwards went away. Then Frank Holmes began to pace up and down the room, getting a clear grasp of his position in relation to this case. It was a painful position, from any point of view. His personal feeling towards Faune was one of intense abhorrence. The man had shown himself so utterly destitute of principle as to shock his former friend's belief in human nature. Holmes had found a sediment of good even in the lowest strata; but there seemed to be none—none at all—in this unhappy creature. So far for personal feeling. Then there was his promise to Miss Clayton. Had ever man such a cruel task imposed upon him before? Faune had worked his spells upon her before she was driven to despise him; but the spell was upon her still, a cruel bondage, and the cry that she made to Holmes for his help to save the unworthy being from a disgraceful fate went into his heart like a dagger. He could not refuse her—he loved her too passionately. If Mary Clayton were ready to take to her pure bosom the shamed head of the acquitted felon, the task undertaken by Frank Holmes could scarce have been harder.

But now that he had put his hand to it, he looked at it without flinching. There was a point, of course, beyond which he could not go—beyond which Miss Clayton would not expect him to go. The moment it became clear to his conscience that Faune was guilty of the cruel murder of that poor girl, that moment Holmes would abandon the man's cause. It had not come yet, though it seemed to be drawing very near. But it had not come; and until it did, he would keep his promise.

When reading the fatal message that had lured Margaret Neale to her fate, Holmes noted the date: it was Friday the 9th of June. She was invited to meet her murderer that night—and had not done so. The murderer would certainly have been at the Fountain, waiting for her. Now, if Faune had spent that evening as usual at Cadogan Place, could he have made the appointment in the Park?

#### THE MACARONI AND HIS KIND.

'It is conceivable,' says George Eliot, 'that a man may have concentrated no less will and expectation on his wristbands, gaiters, and the shape of his hat-brim, or an appearance which impresses you as that of the modern "swell," than the Ojibbeway on an ornamentation which seems to us much more elaborate.' When *Theophrastus Such* was written, the 'Masher' had not yet appeared; but Dandy, Swell, and Masher, the three chief species of the genus 'fop' which this century has produced, have all, as Carlyle put it,

made their trade, office, and existence consist in the wearing of clothes. The leading varieties of the Swell of the last century, in addition to their attention to dress, were distinguished by their want of manners and their love of noise, two characteristics which often developed into riotousness and downright insolence.

To the 'Roaring Boys' succeeded the Mohocks of Queen Anne's time, of whose outrageous proceedings many tales are told. They were known by a variety of names, according to the nature of their operations. The 'Dancing-masters' made their victims caper by running their swords through their legs; the 'Sweaters' surrounded unlucky passers-by, and with drawn swords prodded them whichever way they offered to go; the 'Tumblers' stood people on their heads, or put helpless old women in barrels and rolled them down the streets. More innocent in their diversions were the 'Nickers,' who, when inflamed with drink, would sally out to break windows with halfpence. As Gay, in his *Trivia*, put it:

His scattered pence the flying Nicker flings,  
And with the copper shower the casement rings.  
Who has not heard the Scourer's midnight fame?  
Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?

Quiet people were much alarmed by these riotous doings; and the letters of the time testify to the fear with which sober citizens regarded the idea of being in the streets at anything like a late hour in the evening.

The quieter beaux were known as 'Smarts,' who were more devoted to dress than to noise and riot. The name was in vogue from Steele's time to nearly the end of the century. The 'Pretty Fellows' were a still more effeminate race. They spent hours at their toilet, and delighted in the feminine accomplishments of sewing and knitting and the then fashionable work known as knotting. Garrick ridiculed them on the stage, and they were bitterly satirised in a pamphlet called 'The Pretty Gentleman,' printed in 1747. The following is given therein as a specimen of their style of correspondence; it will be observed that spelling was not their strong point: 'Lord Molliculo's Compliments to Sir Roley Tenellus—hopes did not ketch Cold last Night when he went from th' Oppera—shall be proud of his Company at Cards nex Wensday sennit, to meet Lady Betty, and begs will not fail.'

To the Mohocks and their kind succeeded, about the middle of the century, the race of Bucks and Bloods. Their doings are to be found in the pages of the periodical essayists and newswriters of the time. In coffee-houses they disturbed the conversation of the company by whistling, swearing, loud affected talk, and the recital of their amorous and other adventures, past and prospective. In private society, to rudely interrupt quiet talk, to snatch paper or book from the hands of an unoffending reader, generally to disgust decent people—these were the manners and customs of

the Buck. To break street lamps, to assault the watch, to disturb public assemblies, were all signs of the true Blood and man of spirit.

About 1760 appeared the 'Macaroni.' The term at first was applied to the members of the Macaroni Club, which consisted of travelled young men — Italianated Englishmen, Roger Ascham would have called them—who, with many foreign affectations, brought back from their wanderings one useful novelty in the shape of Italian macaroni, which they introduced at Almack's, and from which they took their name. The word was soon in general use as an equivalent for fop or exquisite. The true Macaronies had two great passions—love of dress and love of gambling. At Almack's, or Brooks's, as it was soon called, play was very high. Ten thousand pounds in gold and notes was often to be seen on the table, and five thousand was sometimes staked on a single card. But hazard was the favourite amusement, and very large sums constantly depended on the throw of the dice. Many of the gamblers were naturally in a chronic state of debt. They borrowed from one another; they were often deep in the books of the accommodating Mr Brooks; and, as might be expected, they had no small dealings with the Hebrews:

But hark! the voice of battle shouts from far;  
The Jews and Macaronies are at war.

When they sat down to the serious business of hazard, the players laid aside their grand clothes and put on frieze greatcoats, sometimes turned inside out for luck; and to protect their carefully arranged hair, and to guard their eyes from the light, they wore, says Walpole, high-crowned hats with broad brims and adorned with flowers and ribbons. This was ludicrous enough; but their ordinary attire was sufficiently ridiculous. They wore absurdly small cocked-hats, large pigtales, and very tight-fitting clothes of striped colours, and carried very long walking-sticks ornamented with tassels. Walpole alludes to their long curls and spying-glasses. In some respects they seem to have been the forerunners of the dandies who were known a few years ago as the 'Crutch and Toothpick Brigade.' The Macaroni wore an eye-glass and rejoiced in a toothpick, while in the place of a crutchstick he flourished his long tasselled staff. Burgoyne, in his play *The Maid of the Oaks* (1774), alludes to the Macaronies 'whistling a song through their toothpicks.' The following lines by J. West, published in 1787, give a curious picture of one of these dandies on horse-back:

In Hyde Park I met a hump-backed Macarony,  
Who was pleased I should see how he managed his pony.  
The Cockney was drest in true blue and in buff,  
In buckskin elastic, but all in the rough;  
He wore patent spurs on his boots, with light soles,  
And buttons as big as some halfpenny rolls;  
His hair out of curl, with a tail like a rat,  
And sideways he clapt on his head a round hat;  
His cravat was tied up in a monstrous large bunch,  
No wonder the ladies should smile at his hunch.

The Macaronies were fond of velvet suits, which were frequently bought in Paris, and, like many other heavily-taxed articles, smuggled over to England from Calais or Boulogne for a consideration by small ship-owners who made dealing in contraband goods their chief occupation. If they brought their Paris purchases home with them,

the dandies were obliged to clothe themselves in all their gorgeous apparel when leaving France, in order to save it from the clutches of the Custom-house officials. The Right Hon. Thomas Townshend chronicles in 1764 how Mr Rigby saved one fine suit by wearing it when he landed; and how Mr Elliot in the same way saved a coat and waistcoat, but not having similarly protected his new breeches, saw them seized and burned. 'I could not help blushing,' says the Earl of Tyrone in another letter, 'at the ridiculous figure we made in our fine clothes. You must wear your gold, for not even a button will be admitted.'

Paris was then the constant resort of fashionable Englishmen, and every aristocratic traveller arrived in the French capital laden with commissions given him by friends at home for the purchase of clothes, silks and satins, nicknacks of all kinds, and occasionally of heavier goods, such as cabinets and carriages. The Hon. Henry St John, in one letter to Selwyn at Paris, asks him to buy on his behalf books to the value of thirty pounds, a set of engravings after Vernet's views of seaports, an enamelled watch, and half-a-dozen teacups. In another letter, Viscount Bolingbroke requests Selwyn to procure for him a velvet suit of a small pattern, which was then the fashion amongst the Macaronies at Almack's: but, says the noble fop, the tailor must make the clothes bigger than usual with the Macaronies, because his lordship's shoulders have lately grown very broad. As to the smallness of the sleeves and length of the waist, he says: 'Lord B. desires them to be *outré*, that he may exceed any Macaronies now about town, and become the object of their envy.' A noble ambition truly!

The fascinating Topham Beauclerk, dandy, wit, and good fellow, was another of the Macaroni circle. He was equally at home among the featherheaded exquisites and worshippers of hazard in King Street, St James's, and among the men of light and leading of the Literary Club, who gathered round Dr Johnson in less fashionable quarters of the town. It was Beauclerk who, when the doctor got his pension, told him in Falstaffian phrase that he hoped he would purge and live cleanly like a gentleman. Johnson had a great admiration and liking for his lively companion. 'Everything comes from Beauclerk so easily,' he said, 'that it appears to me that I labour when I say a good thing.' Miss Anne Pitt, the sister of the great Lord Chatham, was stepping out of her chaise one day, with Topham's assistance, when she fell and sprained her leg; whereupon she declared that never for the future would she trust to the shoulder of a Macaroni. The nature of the fashionable attire would hardly be conducive to readiness or agility of movement.

From about 1770 to 1775 the most noteworthy member of the Macaroni Club was Charles James Fox, then a very young man, making his mark in the House of Commons as an able speaker and debater. In every folly, in prodigal expenditure, and in excess of all kinds he was foremost. Gambling was a passion with him from a very early age. When staying at Spa as a boy with his father, Lord Holland, he was accustomed to receive from his too indulgent parent a few guineas each evening, with which to tempt fortune at the public gaming-tables. The habit thus formed



became a master-passion; and as a natural result, Fox was always deeply in debt and often in want of a guinea. He used to call his waiting-room, where the tribe of money-lenders besieged him, his Jerusalem Chamber. As a Macaroni at the time mentioned he led the fashion, and was, as Lady Percy says of her husband, Harry Hotspur, 'the glass wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.' A contemporary versifier says:

He's exceedingly curious in coats and in frocks,  
So the tailor's a pigeon to this Mr Fox.

Another feature of the Macaroni, besides his passion for dress and love of play, was his supercilious rudeness. In Henry Mackenzie's *Mirror*, published in Edinburgh in 1780, there is a very unflattering account of the visit of a Macaroni member of parliament to a quiet country gentleman. In dress and figure the visitor, Sir Bobby Button, is described as resembling a monkey of a larger size. Immediately upon his arrival Sir Bobby asserts his pretensions to taste and fashionable breeding by attacking his host on the bad style of his house and everything about it. He suggests the cutting down of hedges and trees, the enlarging of windows and other alterations, with an impertinent volubility that completely silences his would-be entertainer; and when the daughter of the house appears, he talks 'as if London were one great seraglio, and he himself the mighty master of it.' Sir Bobby regards attendance upon the House of Commons as a bore, and expresses the greatest contempt for his constituents—the savages—for whom he has to keep open house during some months of the summer. The portrait may be a little highly coloured; but there can be no doubt that the Macaronies were often but little inferior in rudeness and overbearing behaviour to the Bucks and Bloods of earlier days.

These qualities when displayed in public places sometimes led to disturbances of the peace. The Macaronies frequented the masquerades, which were then much in vogue, especially those held at Mrs Cornely's, whose house at the corner of Sutton Street, Soho Square, was a favourite resort; and, like the rest of the fashionable world, they were in constant attendance at Vauxhall and Ranelagh. These famous gardens were then in their prime, and thither all the world went to eat and drink and play many strange pranks. The reader will remember Horace Walpole's account of the fashionable party with whom, on one occasion, he visited Vauxhall, when one of his friends, a lady of title, minced seven chickens in a china dish, and publicly prepared the dish for supper before the eyes of a crowd of admiring onlookers. A pamphlet entitled 'The Vauxhall Affray, or Macaronies defeated,' was published in 1773. It chronicles a disturbance provoked by the tipsy insolence of the exquisites. The well-known George Robert Fitzgerald, often called 'Fighting Fitzgerald,' was at Vauxhall in company with the Hon. Thomas Lyttleton, a Captain Croftes, and several others, all partially intoxicated, when they behaved with great rudeness towards Mrs Hartley the actress, who was accompanied by her husband the Rev. Henry Bate, of the *Morning Post*, and others. The reverend gentleman championed the lady and struck the captain. This was followed, as usual in those days, by an exchange of cards,

and an arrangement for a meeting the next morning. This interview, however, was of a pacific nature; and the parson and Captain Croftes had arrived at a satisfactory understanding, when in came that ardent duellist, 'Fighting Fitzgerald,' to demand satisfaction on behalf of another captain, named Miles, who considered himself to have been insulted on the previous evening. The clergyman hesitated, fearing to bring disgrace upon his cloth; but on a taunt of cowardice from the aggrieved soldier, he hesitated no longer, but offered to fight him on the spot. A ring was formed; and it is satisfactory to be able to add that the Macaroni captain received a very sound thrashing.

The Macaronies gave their name to a magazine, now very scarce, which was almost as short-lived as their own absurd costume. In 1772 was published 'The Macaroni and Theatrical Magazine, or Monthly Register of the Fashions and Diversions of the Times.' It changed its name the following year to the 'Macaroni, Scavoir Vivre, and Theatrical Magazine;' but shortly after ceased to appear.

The Macaronies did not retain their appellation for very many years. Fashions changed and new names were invented. The species was pretty well extinct by the end of the century: in 1805 George Barrington writes in the *New London Spy* of 'the present degenerate race of Macaronies, who appear to be of a spurious puny breed'; and about 1815 there was published at Bath a poetical pamphlet, probably by Thomas Haynes Bayly, on 'Bath Dandies of the Present and the Macaronies of the Past.' To them succeeded the Corinthians, whose sayings and doings are recorded in those books of Pierce Egan which were the delight of the youthful Thackeray; the Dandies, so belaboured in *Sartor Resartus*; the Swells, with their ample cuffs turned back over their coat sleeves, of whom Count d'Orsay was the type and model; the Counts, the Toffs, the Johnnies, the Chappies, the Mashers, and, latest of importations from America, the solemn, emotionless, faultlessly attired Dudes.

## OLD LYON'S INN:

A LAWYER'S TALE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

SOME twenty-five years ago—for it is close upon a quarter of a century since it was demolished—there stood within sound of the dreamy chimneys of St Clement Danes an ancient inn of Chancery. A more silent, haunted-looking inn, so near to the noisiest thoroughfare in London, was never known; at least, so thought I, while seated by the fire in my rooms one gusty autumn evening.

It was never denied by any one—any one, be it understood, who ever walked through Lyon's Inn—that it must have been an abode of disembodied lawyers. Even by daylight, strange shadows flitted about the dwarfish doorways, and fled up the spiral staircases into the low-pitched upper stories, with their small bay windows looking out upon Booksellers' Row, like the windows in the stern of an old ship. Below these windows there was an entrance to the inn,

and there was another approach through a dismal alley known as Horne Court, where a corner-post, carved with a lion's head and paws, had bravely supported the mouldering brickwork for some four hundred and fifty years. Nearly three centuries ago, Lyon's Inn was spoken of as 'a guest inn or hostelry, held at the sign of the Lyon, and purchased by gentlemen, professors, and students in the law, and converted into an inn of Chancery.' It has also been described as a 'nursery of lawyers'—the nursery too often, it is to be feared, of lawyers in their second childhood; for there are many quaint stories told about the aged men of the law who dwelt in this weird retreat. One of these was heard to say that he was born there, and that there he should wish to die; and another, in his dingy garret, took such strange delight in his window-gardens that he never sighed for bowers, fresh fields, or 'pastures new;' but he lived there to a great age 'in measureless content.'

In the courtyard below my windows, on this particular autumn evening, the rustling of the fallen leaves broke the silence of this sombre old place; for in those days there were still a few trees alive in Lyon's Inn. The wind, sweeping round the old sun-dial, as it sounded to me, was driving these leaves into nooks and corners and up the open staircase into the dark landings and passages above. How well I remember the sun-dial, that symbolic adjunct to an old inn of Chancery! It was sadly out of repair: its gnomon was gone—as if to express contempt for the flight of time—and its figures were going fast.

The rooms which I occupied were cosy enough with their dark-panelled walls and oaken furniture. The curtains were drawn across the windows, and the shaded lamp described a limited circle of bright light upon the table. On the other side of the hearth opposite to my chimney corner was a vacant arm-chair, antique and comfortable. I can distinctly recollect, while staring at that chair, that I became exceedingly drowsy, for I was worn out after an exceptionally hard day's work; and between sleeping and waking—as I fancied—the rustling of the withered leaves sounded like footsteps crossing the old courtyard.

I began to dream; and from thinking of the footsteps, I suppose, my dream took this outward form. It appeared to me that I opened my eyes and saw a stranger seated opposite. He was a tall lean man, and his face was very thin and pale. His dark eyes and black beard may perhaps have made this pallor all the more remarkable. He held a letter nervously, first in one hand and then in the other. His whole manner expressed agitation; his restless fingers tugged now at his beard and now at the shabby coat-collar almost without ceasing. He had the appearance of a broken-down gentleman—broken down through mental suffering. Suddenly meeting my glance, a confused expression crossed his face. He got up, and held the letter towards me without uttering a word. I took it from him as one might do in one's sleep, but without feeling it; and as my lips moved to question him, he vanished.

When I awoke, I found my lamp fluttering dimly, as if a current of air had caught the flame: it flared up feebly and went out. But the fire was still burning, at least with sufficient brightness to throw an uncertain light round the room. My first thought was about my dream; and I looked instinctively towards the arm-chair. It was empty.

I listened. No sound reached me except the rustling of those dead leaves outside; and again they seemed to me like footsteps hurrying away through the open staircase and across the courtyard. I sprang to my feet, drew back the curtain, and looked out. The court was in darkness; only at the gateway beyond a few straggling rays of light, from some flickering street-lamp, seemed to me contending for entrance with the opposing shadows outside. I saw no one. Lighting a candle, which stood on the mantel-shelf, I walked through my rooms, passing into every corner. So vivid an impression had this dream made upon me that I could not at once shake off the feeling that I had actually received a visit from a pale-faced man. I even went into the little hall, opened the outer door, and glanced up and down the landing. No one was there that I could see. I turned to re-enter my chambers, and as I turned, the wind blew out my light.

Groping my way back to my sitting-room, and thinking to myself that I must indeed have been overworking my brain of late, I knelt upon the hearth-rug to relight the candle. But as I was bending down something caught my attention—something that set my heart beating loudly. A strange-looking letter was lying upon the floor close to my arm-chair. It was surely no dream this time; there it lay, with the fitful flames from the fire playing upon it, as if in silent ironical laughter at my surprise. An odd thought crossed my mind; I fancied that if I stretched out my hand to grasp this letter, it would disappear. I hesitated—glanced round the room—and again looked at it. There it was still, with the flicker of the fire upon it as before.

The candle was soon relighted, and I was holding up the letter and scrutinising it on both sides. It had a very autumnal appearance; for it was yellow with age, and begrimed with a dust that was not to be shaken off. Had it been blown in like a dead leaf from the courtyard below? On one side was a large red seal, that had upon it the impression of a lion's head. On the other side, written in a bold hand, was an address. But the ink was so faded, and the writing in consequence so difficult to decipher, that I puzzled over it despairingly for some minutes. It then appeared to read as follows: 'MISS POINING, 31A Dean Street, Soho.' I am not superstitious. Never at any moment of my life, unless it was now, have I believed in the supernatural. And yet—I must confess it—when I placed that letter in my iron safe and locked it up, I never expected to find it there next morning.

Speculations as to who 'Miss Poining' was—whether alive or dead—kept me awake the greater part of the night. Was she young and beautiful? The antique appearance of the letter chased away a vision of bright eyes. I was a bachelor in those days—twenty-eight or thirty, at the most; but I saw no prospect, though the

thought naturally crossed my mind, of finding a suitable partner for life in Miss Poining, of Dean Street, Soho.

An important case in the law-court, a case which demanded my undivided attention, compelled me to dismiss this incident from my thoughts, until evening again came, and I was once more seated at the fireside. It then recurred to me with all its former vividness and force. The letter, which had not taken flight, was again undergoing the most severe examination. 'What shall I do with it?' This was the question I asked myself over and over again. An impulse suddenly seized me; I resolved to clear up this mystery, if the thing were possible. Soho was only a short walk from Lyon's Inn. I would go there and inquire if such a person as Miss Poining lived, or had lived, in Dean Street, at No. 31A.

I hurried along through dingy courts and dark alleys; for not a street in the neighbourhood of Seven Dials, which lay in my way, had been pulled down twenty-five years ago. I soon reached Dean Street, and stopped before a small old-fashioned house with steps leading up to the front-door and a square canopy overhead of carved oak. I grasped the knocker, which I noticed was an iron fist, gave a bold 'rat-tat,' and waited the result with blank expectation.

A neat little maid-servant presently answered the summons.

'Does Miss Poining live here?'

The girl replied unhesitatingly, 'Yes.'

'Is Miss Poining at home?'

'Yes, sir.—What name, if you please?'

'Mr Robert West.' And I handed the servant my card.

An oil-lamp hung from the hall ceiling, dimly lighting the dark oaken staircase. I followed the servant up the narrow flight to a drawing-room floor; and I presently found myself in a quaintly furnished room, where the curtains were closely drawn, and everything had a very snug appearance. An elderly lady with a pinched face sat near the hearth wrapped in a white woollen shawl. She looked up with a slight shiver when the door was opened; and something in the expression, like a passing shadow, reminded me of the face in my dream.

'Mr Robert West?'—she was studying my card with a troubled look—'of Lyon's Inn?'

I bowed acquiescently.

'Pray, be seated.' And when I had taken a seat opposite to her, she added in a formal tone: 'I don't remember the name. To what may I attribute the honour of this visit?'

'A matter of business, Miss Poining.—Have I the pleasure of addressing that lady?'

She inclined her head stiffly.

'A matter of business—I can give it no other name—brings me here,' said I. 'A letter has come into my possession—was, in fact, left in my rooms in Lyon's Inn last evening: and it is addressed to Miss Poining, Dean Street, Soho.'

'Left at Lyon's Inn?' repeated Miss Poining in a low agitated voice, with her eyes bent upon the fire, 'and addressed to me?'

Taking the letter from my breast-pocket, I got up and held it towards the old lady. She looked

round quickly, glanced at my hand and then at me. 'Is that the letter?'

'Yes. It was delivered yesterday evening, Miss Poining, dusty and discoloured as you now see it. The writing is very faded; but the red seal'—I stopped abruptly; for at this moment the door opened, and a lovely girl—a girl of nineteen or twenty—stepped into the room. She paused at the door with her pretty lips half parted, and a quick inquiring expression filled her large dark eyes. Again the face in my dream—it seemed to recur to me strangely to-night—passed across this girl's face and vanished.

As a busy student in Lyon's Inn, with no romantic surroundings, with nothing but prosaic law-books and bilious-looking deeds to stimulate my imagination, this poetic figure seemed almost like a revelation to me. I had come to this old house in Dean Street, with this mysterious letter of introduction to Miss Poining, simply to satisfy a craving curiosity, without the expectation of finding that she was alive and ready to receive me. It had astonished me in no small degree to discover the old lady, with her pinched and wrinkled face—so young-looking and so alert: nothing under the age of a hundred, by the name of Poining, would have caused me the least surprise. But who was this, I wondered, with these bright eyes and that inquiring glance? I looked from her to Miss Poining, and back again into the girl's face. I began to think that I was still dreaming, and that I should wake up and find myself once more at my fireside in Lyon's Inn, with nothing but the vision of this beautiful creature, lingering in my memory, in that haunted old place where such beings are never seen.

'Hester, my dear,' said the old lady, with a wave of her hand, 'this is Mr Robert West of Lyon's Inn.—Miss Gretworth.'

Hester Gretworth regarded me, as I thought, with an expression of actual dread. Did she suspect me of being disembodied?

'Lyon's Inn?' She appeared more troubled than Miss Poining at the mention of my address.

Miss Poining hastened to explain. 'Mr West has brought that letter, left at his rooms, and addressed to me.' Then she added: 'Will you take it to the lamp, my dear, and look at the handwriting?'

The girl's agitation increased; it was painful to witness. After examining for a moment the dingy superscription which had so puzzled me, she said in a tearful voice: 'It is his, aunt; it is Reginald's!'

Miss Poining hastened to adjust her spectacles with trembling fingers. She spoke somewhat sternly: 'Break the seal, my dear, and give me the letter.'

The girl instantly obeyed, and then placed the lamp on the table beside Miss Poining.

The old lady turned to me as she took the open letter in her hand: 'Pray, be seated, Mr West,' for I had been standing since Miss Gretworth entered the room; 'and you too, my dear. You make me nervous.'

Every detail of that distressful moment—every shade of expression on Miss Poining's face and on Hester Gretworth's too, as she sat down between us with hands tightly clasped—comes back to me

now. The letter was not a long one—three pages of not very closely written matter; but it appeared to take a long time to read; at least the minutes seemed to me like hours. The old clock on the mantel-shelf, whose 'tick-tack' had not until now caught my ear, filled the room with its loud vibrations. I began to wonder that the noise did not awaken the white Persian cat which was lying curled up on the hearth-rug at the old lady's feet.

Hester Gretworth never took her troubled eyes off Miss Poining's stern face. It was a painful study. Miss Poining's spectacles had to be taken off and wiped more than once during the reading, and each time that she removed them I noticed tears upon her wrinkled cheeks.

At last the letter was read and slowly folded; and while Miss Poining was folding it, I remember thinking the expression in her fingers suggested a struggle with her worse nature. I expected every moment to see her tear the letter to atoms and fling it into the fire. Perhaps the same thought crossed Hester Gretworth's mind; for she now rose and took the letter gently from her aunt and quickly refolded it; she seemed to dread even to give a glance at the writing.

'May I ask,' said Miss Poining, suddenly looking towards me, 'who left that letter at Lyon's Inn?'

I knew not how to answer. I had asked myself this very question more than a hundred times within the last four-and-twenty hours; and so little had I anticipated finding the person in Dean Street to whom this letter was addressed, that it had never entered into my head to prepare even a plausible explanation about the affair beforehand. That Miss Poining noticed my hesitation, and that Hester Gretworth's eyes were fixed searchingly upon my face, did not mend matters; for the first time in my life I knew what it was to feel utterly embarrassed. All that I could do—with those bright eyes persistently bent upon me—was to stammer out in a disjointed sentence: 'I do not know; I found it there.'

'In your letter-box?' said Miss Poining.

'No. I fell asleep last evening in my arm-chair; I had over-fatigued myself in the law-courts; and when I woke up the letter was lying on the rug near my chair.'

Miss Poining stared at me in blank surprise. 'Indeed?' Her tone was studiously polite, but devoid of credulity.

'I had a vivid impression'—the courage to call it a dream had deserted me—'a very vivid impression in my sleep that I saw some one—a young man with a pale face and dark eyes—seated opposite to me; some one who handed me a letter and disappeared. That is the only explanation,' I added, 'that I have to offer you. I have puzzled my brain'—

'Perhaps,' interrupted Miss Poining with suppressed emotion, 'perhaps you would know the face again—the face of the young man, I mean, who gave you that letter. Do you think you would, Mr West, if you were to see it now?'

The tone in which Miss Poining spoke was somewhat startling. Was it in her power to solve this mystery? For a moment I felt completely unnerved; the incident of the preceding night had filled my mind with all sorts of odd

fancies, and I was almost prepared, at a word from this lady, to see the pale-faced man appear, as he had done at Lyon's Inn, and confront me in her presence. I answered with as much assurance as I could muster: 'I should know it again; I am sure of that.'

The old lady instantly glanced at her niece. 'Hester,' said she, pointing towards a recess, 'let Mr West see his face.'

The girl crossed the room and lifted a heavy curtain. I could not suppress a slight exclamation. A pale young man with a short black beard looked out upon me. I recognised him at once; and yet there was no trace of restlessness in the fine dark eyes, no shade of mental suffering about the brow. Such expressions gathered there out of my own imagining while I gazed at the portrait.

'It is the face,' said I, 'the face in my dream.'

#### U N R E S T.

THE rose that is perfect to-day is blown overfull to-morrow;  
Life is nothing but change, and change is nothing but sorrow.

The world sways back and forth, a measureless vast machine,  
High and low, and ever bringing back what has been.

The days that dawn and die, the moons that wax and wane,  
The seasons that freeze and burn, the grain and the crop and the grain,

Are symbols of change unchanging, of cycles whirling by,  
The living aping the dead, and ripe in their turn to die.

Could we clear our eyes to gaze, we should see to the verge of time  
The long dead level of death and life and love and crime,

Torn and tossed by passion, and ridged and quarried with graves  
As the changeless level of ocean is broken by tides and waves.

Where shall our feet find rest? Or is there a rest to find?  
Is rest a dreamy delusion shaped by a restless mind?

A rainbow arching our sky, looked on but never possess?  
Our feet must stumble on, while our hearts cry out for rest.

The world sways back and forth, suns kindle and flash and die,  
Our stars arise and set till the dawn of eternity.

M. FALCONER.

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